

The Passionate LOVER's

GARLAND:

Beautified with many curious

New Songs.

I. The Passionate LOVER.

II. The Forfaken SWAIN.

III. The Maid's kind Answer.

IV. The most happy Pair.



Licensed and Entered according to Order.

THE PASSIONATE LOVER'S GARLAND.

The Passionate LOVER.

Tune of, When the Seas are roaring, &c.

Amongst the shady Bowers,
Near to a pleasant Green,
Adorn'd with fragrant Flowers,
Most pleasant to be seen;
There was a sad Lamentation,
Of a distressed Swain,
Crying, It's Love's hot Passion,
That Tortures me with Pain.

Alas! where shall I wander,
To find a resting Place,
My Brains doth muse and ponder,
Wishing I could embrace
That lovely charming Sweeting,
That still is in my Mind,
It will be a happy Meeting,
If I my Love could find.



Oh! fairest of all Creatures,
How can you cruel be?
The Birds of their sweet Nature,
That sings on every Tree,
Are loving to each other,
And why art thou so coy,
To wreck a wounded Lover,
And all my Hopes destroy?

Sweet charming Angel Beauty,
Let me thy Pity move,
Because it is thy Duty,
To grant me Love for Love:

My

My Sorrows do surround me,
 And quite distract my Brain,
 My Dear, Why do you wound me
 With Frowns of high Disdain?

Had I a World of Treasure,
 With all I'd freely Part,
 To have a little Pleasure,
 With her that has my Heart:
 In Slumbers I'm tormented,
 With dreaming of her Charms,
 My Heart would be contented,
 To hug her in my Arms.

Could I enjoy the Favour,
 Her charming Lips to kiss,
 I should be bless'd for ever,
 And crown'd with Happiness:
 This is a sad Vexation,
 To see her frown on me,
 Could I shake off this Passion,
 Oh! I should happy be.

Must I for ever languish,
 In Loves tormenting Pain,
 Love causes this my Anguish,
 Because she slights her Swain:
 I for her Sake must wander,
 Forlorn and Comfortless;
 The Grief that I lie under,
 No Mortal can express.

I can't hold out any longer,
 For Cupid's piercing Dart,
 Makes Love to kindle stronger,
 And wrecking my poor Heart:
 'Tis a cruel Fortune,
 To be in Love betray'd;
 I ruin'd am for certain,
 By a proud scornful Maid.

(4)
Alas! she will not hear me,
For all the Moan I make,
She will no more come near me,
Love soon my Heart will break;

Was I of noble Station,
Or born of high Degree,
She'd hear my Lamentation,
And would not torture me.

My Love, my Dove, my Jewel,
And pretty charming Fair,
How can you be so cruel,
And leave me in Despair?
Since that you would be changing,
Your old Love for a new,
I'll spend my Days in ranging
The Groves and Vallies through.

This lovely charming Creature,
Come tripping o'er the Plain,
And shew her kind good Nature,
For her distressed Swain:
Said she, My Love, my Jewel,
Shake off thy Grief and Smart,
I'll be no longer cruel,
To her who has won my Heart.

My Dear, 'twas to try thee,
That made me seem so coy,
No longer I'll deny thee,
My Days with Joy:

Where we
In the
creation
of Love.

Let loving Kisses,
As their Time away,
And other Love Embraces,
They spent the Summer's Day:

And

And now to end my Story,
 He soon made her his Bride,
 And crown'd her Days with Glory,
 And in true Love abide.

The forsaken SWAIN.

MY Love she doth slight me I needs must complain,
 Her Absence to me is a tormenting Pain;
 Ye Powers above grant Assistance to me,
 And be kind to my true Love where ever she be.

My Father separated me from my Dear,
 Which caused me many a sorrowful Tear;
 In Sleeping I sigh, and in waking I cry,
 'Tis all for the Love of my Jewel I die.

Oh! had I Wings like the swift Turtle Dove,
 I'd fly into the Air for to find out my Love;
 Oh! what's all the Riches in this World to me,
 Since I cannot enjoy my Love's Company.

In the middle of the Night I dreamed a Dream,
 Another Man's Bride my Love was become;
 It sorely surpriz'd me, I soon did awake,
 And if this come to pass, my poor Heart it will break.

My Love she has Eyes like the bright Silver Streams,
 Her Milk-white Breasts like the Swan as she Swims;
 Her Features, good Nature, all other doth excel,
 There is none in this World I can fancy so well.

Oh! had I the Riches on the *Spanish* Shore,
 Had I the Bags of Gold which old Misers adore;
 Or had I all the Riches that e'er I did see,
 I would freely give it for my Love's Company.

My Love she doth down in the *North* Country abide,
 Cloathed with Hills and Mountains on every Side;

She is the fairest Creature that e'er I did see,
She excels all the Maids in the North Country.

Oh! must I be ever perplexed in Mind,
And in Cupid's Chains be so strongly confin'd;
No rest in this World, Day nor Night, can I have,
This will bring me with sorrow down to the Grave.

My Friends are not willing she should be my Bride,
Because they're so highly puffed up in Pride;
Those that have great Riches will still covet more,
Yet I prize her far better than all earthly Store.

And although my Parents have prov'd so severe,
I'll range through the Grove for to find out my Dear;
And when I have found her we happy shall remain,
There's none in the World shall e'er Part us again.

The Maid's loving Answer.

BUT as I sat down by a sweet River Side,
Oh! there by good Fortune my true Love I spy'd;
He flew into my Arms, and did me embrace,
Saying, Love, I am glad to see thy sweet Face.

For had not your Father to us been severe,
I ne'er would have left you, my Joy, and my Dear;
But this happy Meeting rejoices my Heart,
And there's none in the World shall e'er cause us to part.

I long wish'd myself in thy Arms for to lie,
And fear'd that for Love I should languishing die;
I ne'er could have Comfort for the want of my Dear,
Oh! what Joy and Delight does before me appear.

Tho' I've been courted by many, 'tis true,
I slighted their Proffers, and bid them adieu;
Resolving I would a chaste Virgin remain,
Till my Eyes did behold my dear Jewel again.

My Beauty was tempting in many ones Eye,
 And said, That without me they surely should die.
 Said I, I'm engaged, in vain you have strove,
 For I still will prove true to the Man that I love.

Love, had some great Person of Honour and Might,
 Have proffered to make me a Lady so bright,
 I would have refus'd it, my Jewel, for thee,
 For there's none but my Love can be pleasing to me.

Come let us go down to the sweet shady Grove,
 That we may enjoy the sweet Pleasures of Love;
 There thou shalt embrace me with Raptures of Charms,
 And upon the sweet Roses I'll sleep in thy Arms.

For nothing is sweeter than the Pleasures of Love,
 To spend our Time in the sweet shady Grove;
 Where *Phæbus* shines warm in the hot Summer's Day,
 In the Joys of Delight we will pass the Time away.

The harmonious Birds sing from Morning till Night,
 Which yieldeth Abundance of Joy and Delight;
 All Sorrows are ended, and Joy doth appear,
 I can sleep with Content in the Arms of my Dear.

Now we will lie in the sweet shady Grove,
 In each others Arms we will prattle of Love,
 Farewel to all Grief, and adieu to all Pain,
 I can happily sleep in the Arms of my Swain.

The most happy Pair.

Tune of, The labouring Lover.

AS I in the Park was used to walk,
 One Evening when it was almost Dark;
 I heard a young Man thus did say,
 My dear *Diana*, don't say Nay.

'Twas near a Chrystal Spring that's there
 Beneath the shady Trees they were,

Which

Which made me long the more to hear,
Philander speak unto his Dear.

He clasp'd her round the Waist so thin,
And said, my Dear, your like the Queen
Of Love, that round the Woods doth range,
And does true Lovers Hearts exchange.

Said she, *Philander*, I believe
You'll gain my Heart, and then you'll leave
Me for to mourn my Fate alone,
If you do so, I am undone.

With that *Philander* gave a Sigh,
And said, Oh! no, my Heart's Delight,
If you will constant now remain,
I'll ever be thy faithful Swain.

Blind *Cupid* then them Two did join,
In Love and Friendship to combine,
Just as bright *Venus* used to do,
With *Mars* her loving Play-mate too.

Then a little Space they went,
To reap the Pleasures of Content;
The Joys they had, I can't express,
I leave you Readers for to guess.

When done that which he undertook,
She like an Angel then did look;
Her modest Blushes then arose,
As though they would the Rose oppose.

But now bright *Phæbus* does begin
To hide his Head, and Stars are seen
To twinkle in the Element,
To give this loving Pair content.

Then *Diana* thus did swe¹⁰ JU 52
That she should ever be his Dear;
The Queen of Love his Heart to guide,
And ne'er forget the River-side.